



NO. 29
OCT

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75/CDC



all new

TEEN-AGE

PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM

a Hanna-Barbera Production

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BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

DADDY,
STOP JOKING
AROUND!!

00786

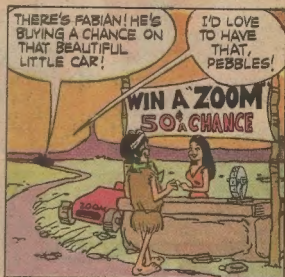
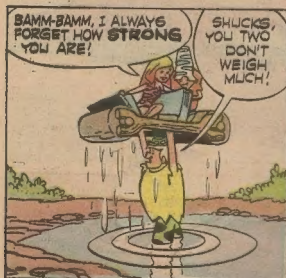


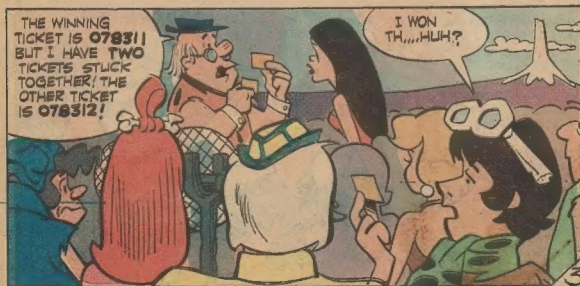
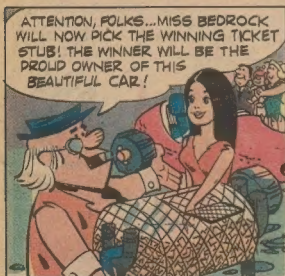
TEEN-AGE PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN BAMM-BAMM GETS LUCKY!

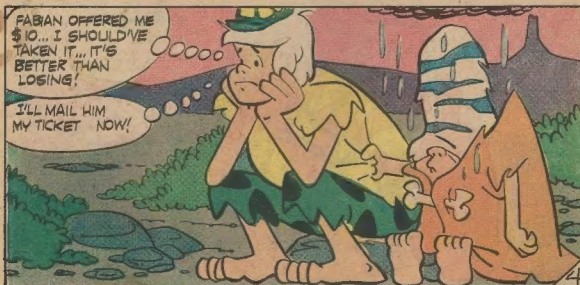


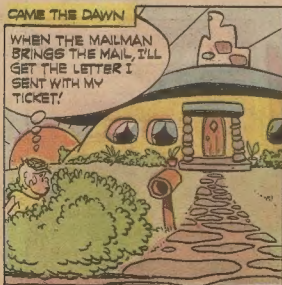
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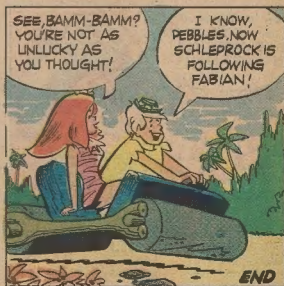










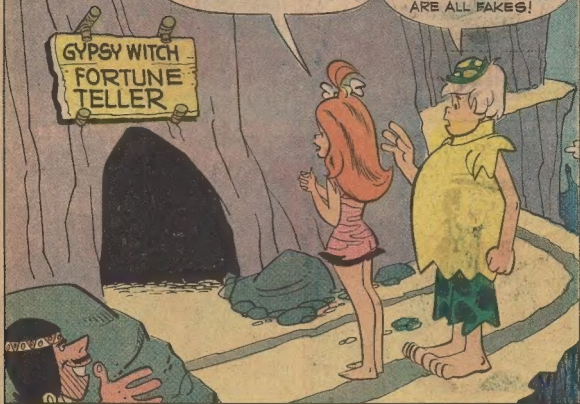


TEEN-AGE **PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM** IN
"THE STUPID PRINCE"

OH, BAMM-BAMM, A NEW
FORTUNE TELLER! LET'S...

NO WAY, PEBBLES!
THOSE GYPSY WITCHES
ARE ALL FAKES!

GYPSY WITCH
FORTUNE
TELLER



PEBBLES...

I GUESS SHE DECIDED
TO HAVE HER FORTUNE
TOLD! I'LL GO IN AND
LISTEN!

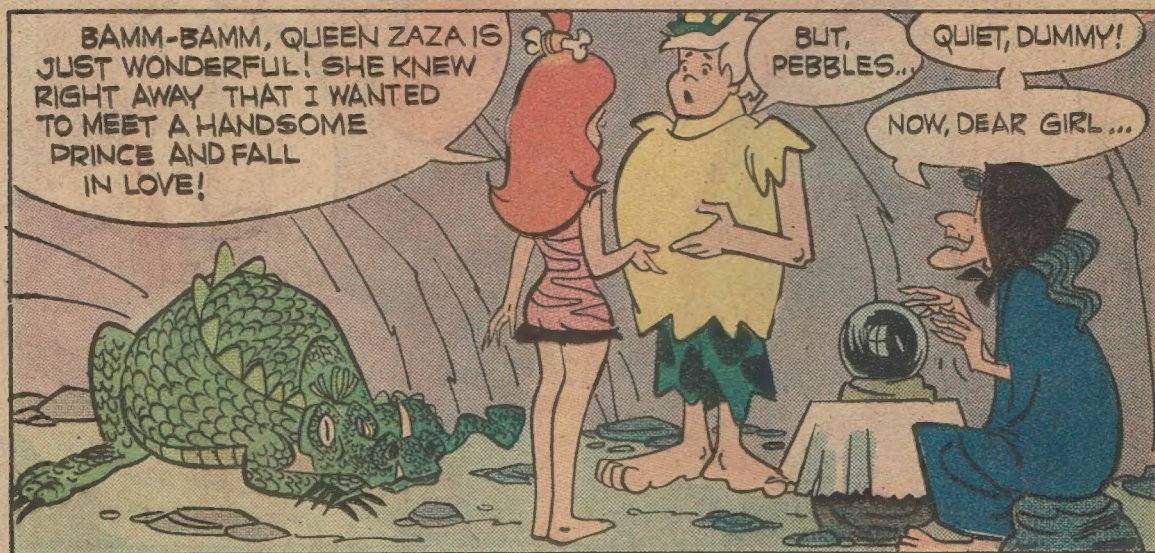
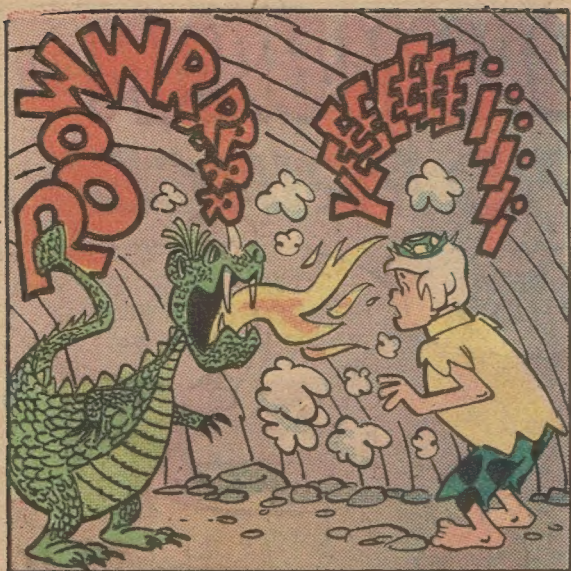


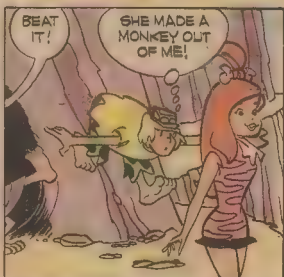
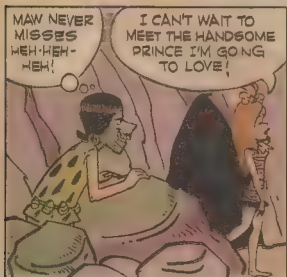
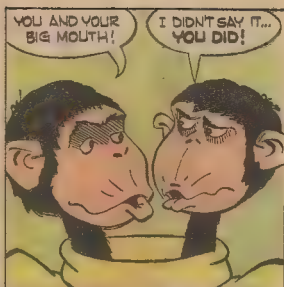
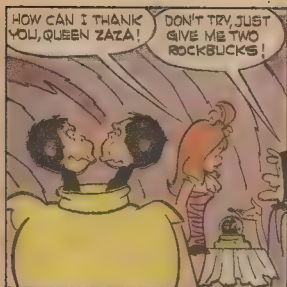
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GEE, IT'S DARK IN
HERE...BUT I'M NOT AFRAID!

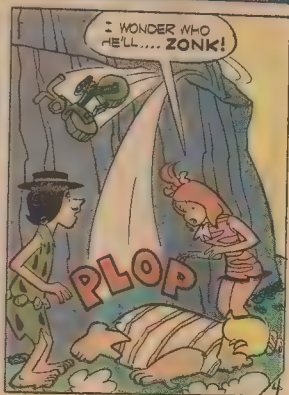
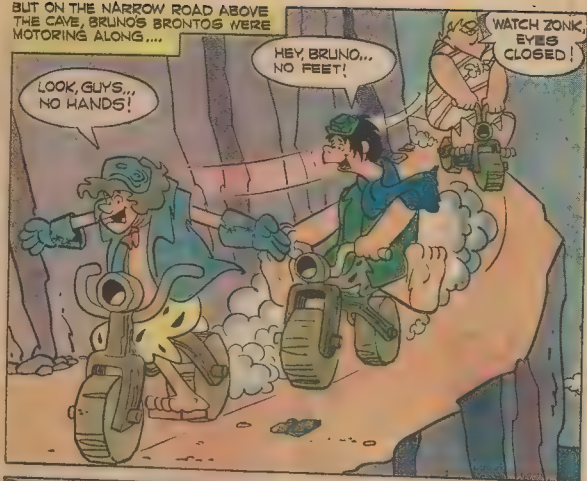


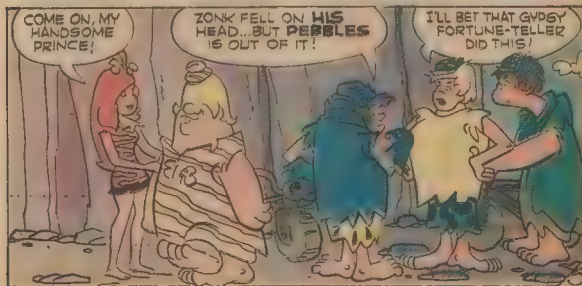
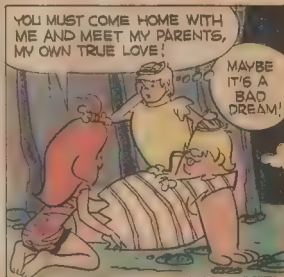
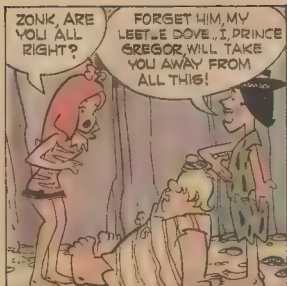
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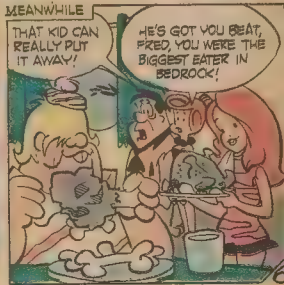
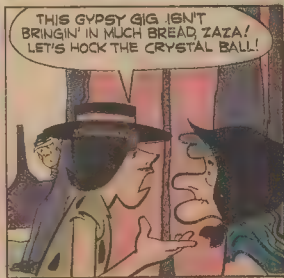
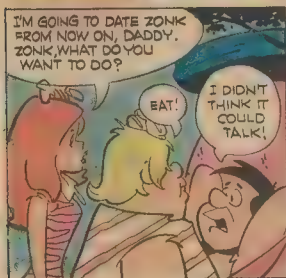
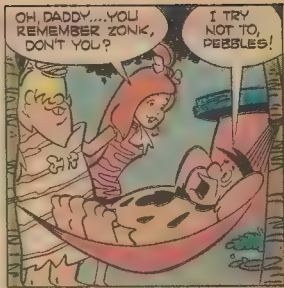
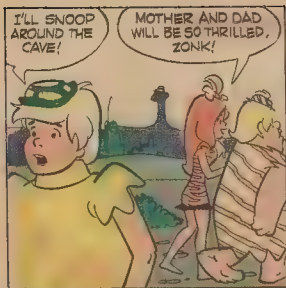


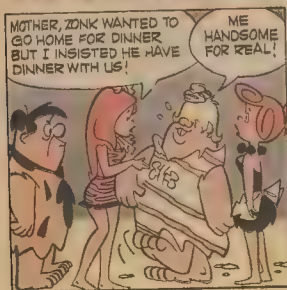
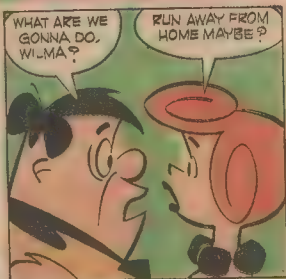
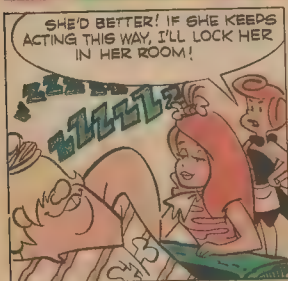
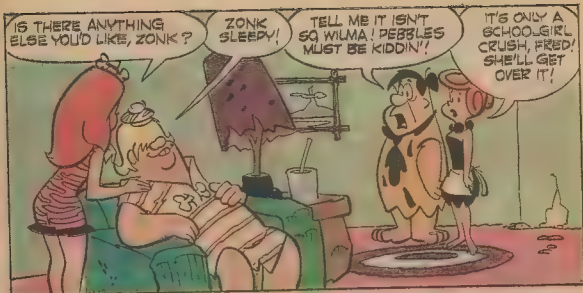
BUT ON THE NARROW ROAD ABOVE
THE CAVE, BRUNO'S BRONTOS WERE
MOTORING ALONG....



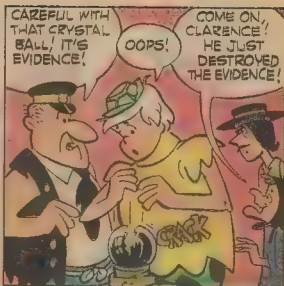
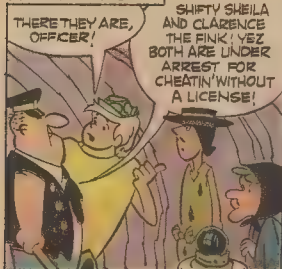


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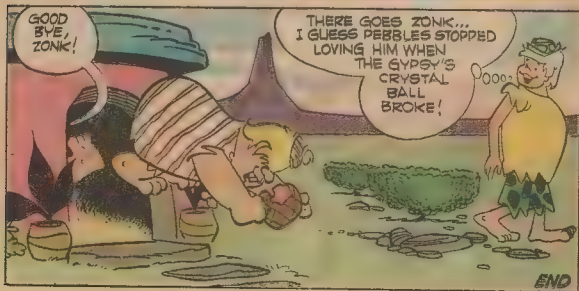
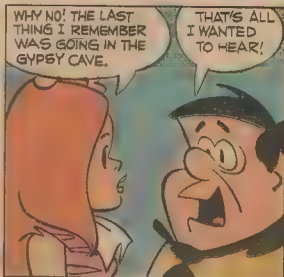
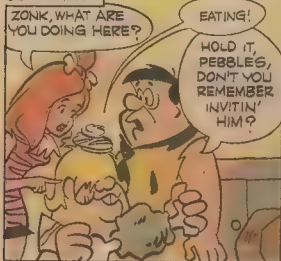




JUST ABOUT THEN



JUST THEN



END

TEEN-
AGE

PEBBLES AND

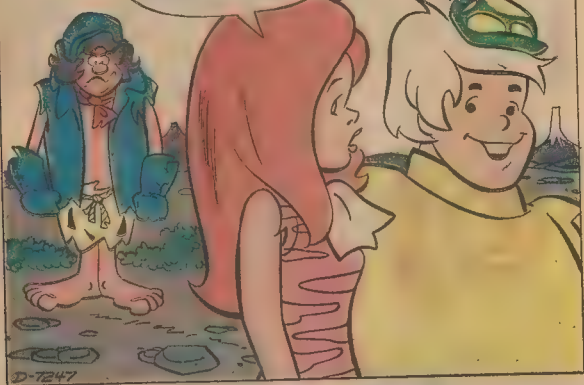
BAMM-BAMM

IN

"THE CLUB"

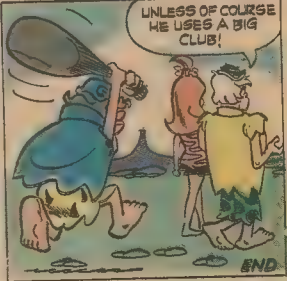
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE CALLED BRUNO A FAT-HEAD! HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO GET YOU!

HA! I SHOULD WORRY!



BRUNO COULD HIT ME WITH ALL HIS MIGHT AND I WOULDN'T EVEN FEEL IT!

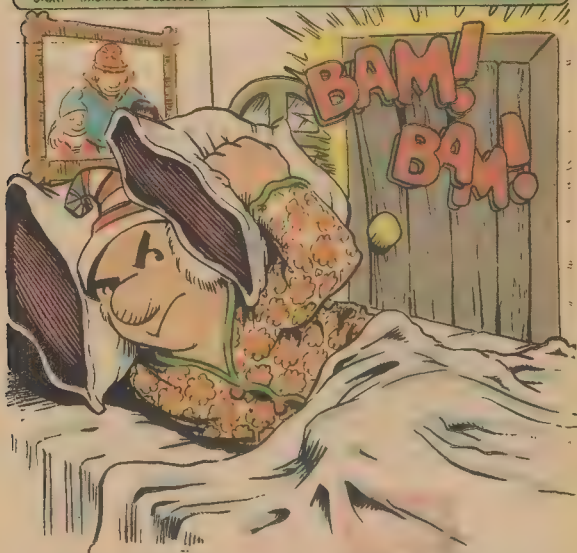
UNLESS OF COURSE HE USES A BIG CLUB!



EVIL BEAU WEASEL

STORY MICHAEL J. PELLOWSKI

ART MICHAEL J. ZECK



It was morning. Lok the Elf was snug as a bug in his warm bed. He moaned and rolled over. "I'll get an extra hour of sleep," he mumbled as he fluffed up his pillow. His droopy eyelids started to slowly close.

Suddenly, someone started knocking on his front door. Lok grumbled about the disturbance. He silently swore he wouldn't answer the door. The knocking continued. It got louder and louder. Lok put his pillow over his head. He stuffed the ends of it into his big, pointed ears.

"Hurry Lok, open this door! I need your help! Please, Lok, this is no time to be a stubborn, old elf!" called a voice. Lok recognized the voice. It was Mrs. Cottontail, one of his bunny neighbors. She was in trouble. Lok never turned away a friend in need of help.

Lok's eyelids snapped open. He sat up and hopped out of bed. He rushed over to the door and opened it. Mrs. Cottontail was sitting on his doorstep. She was crying and sobbing. "What's wrong?" asked Lok.

"It's that evil Beau Weasel!" she exclaimed. "He's stolen one of my baby bunnies. He grabbed little, Candy Cottontail while we were out gathering vegetables. He pulled her into his tunnel near the trash dump. I'm too big to fit into the hole of that wicked, skinny weasel. You're the only one small enough to go down into the weasel's hole to save Candy," she sobbed. "Beau Weasel is a slippery character. He's always weaseling in and out of tight spots. He won't get away. I'll fix him and save Candy Cottontail," promised Lok.

Lok closed his front door. He quickly took off his nightgown and put on his clothes. He picked up the tiny flashlight which he kept in his house for emergencies. "I'll need this when I climb down into the weasel's tunnel," he said to himself. He tucked the flashlight into his belt and rushed outside where Mrs. Cottontail was waiting. She led him to the junk pile at the edge of the Enchanted Forest. There were rusty, tin cans, old, empty bottles and other pieces of garbage lying around. Mrs. Cottontail pointed to the weasel's hole. It was in the side of a small hill.

Lok spied an old ball of twine. He grabbed the loose end of it and tied the cord around his waist. He handed the rolled-up string to Mrs. Cottontail. "Unravel the twine as I descend into the weasel's tunnel," he told her. "I'll use it to find my way back out."

She nodded as Lok bravely climbed into the dark



hole. He clicked on his flashlight and started down into the blackness. He descended deeper and deeper into the tunnel. He could see the roots of plants dangling above his head as he made his way through the maze of narrow dirt passageways. Finally, he came to evil Beau Weasel's lair. The weasel's main, living quarters were much larger than the slender passageways.

Lok quickly popped his head out of the narrow tunnel and into the larger cavern. Beau had his back to Lok. He was near the stove stirring a pot of boiling water. He didn't notice the elf's entrance.

Candy Cottontail was tied up in a chair. She saw



Lok, but kept silent. Lok quickly untied Candy and noiselessly pulled her back into the tunnel. Lok and Candy started following the cord back up towards daylight. They had covered half of the distance when they heard Beau shouting angrily. "The rabbit has escaped! She won't get far!" the weasel promised.

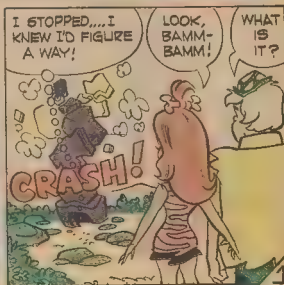
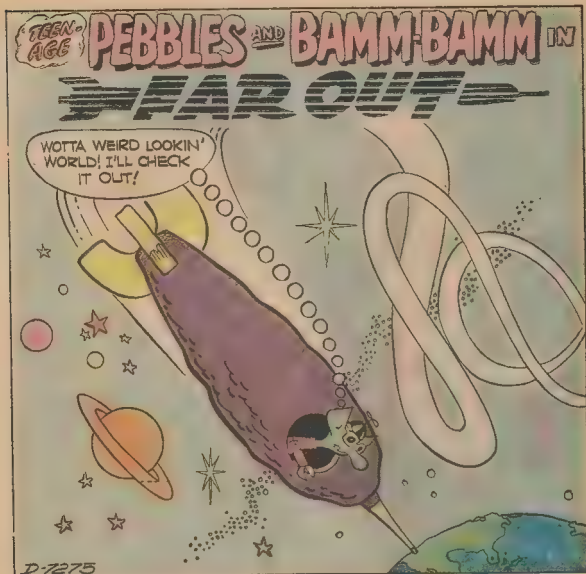
Lok knew Beau was chasing them. "Hurry!" he shouted. The tiny elf and the little bunny moved as fast as their feet could carry them. They reached the exit and climbed out of the hole. Lok heard Beau's footsteps echoing inside the tunnel.

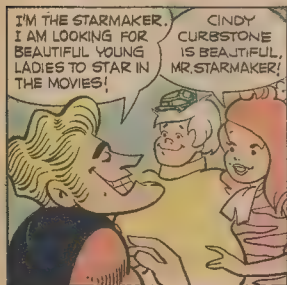
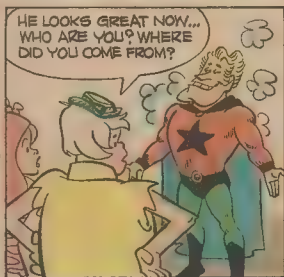
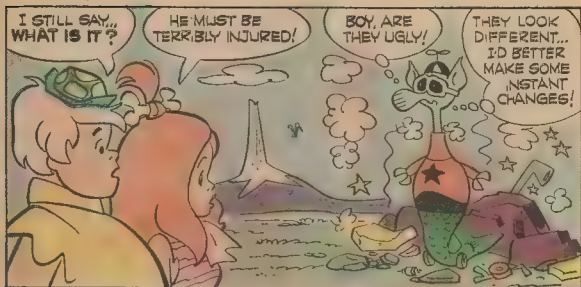
"He'll be here in a minute. Help me with this empty jam jar," ordered Lok. The bunnies and Lok pulled a tiny, clear glass jar that had once been filled with jam, out of the junk pile. They shoved the jar's open end into the hole. "Now, the hole is blocked, but it looks like it's still open because of the glass," explained Lok.

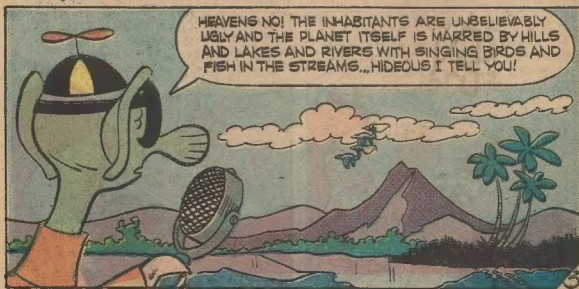
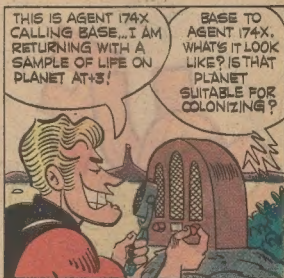
Inside the tunnel, Beau Weasel saw the end of his tunnel. He could see daylight outside. He ran faster. He didn't want the escaping prey to get away. His head pushed into the opening of the jam jar. His head was too big, and the jar was too small. He got stuck inside the empty jar. He rolled out of his tunnel with the jar stuck on his head. He tried to pull it off but couldn't. "That's one jam he won't weasel out of very quickly!" laughed Lok.

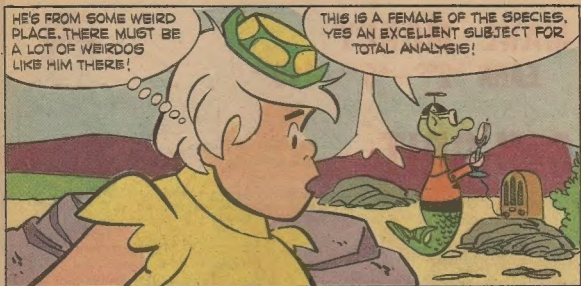
He said good-bye to the bunnies and headed back home to his warm, comfortable bed.

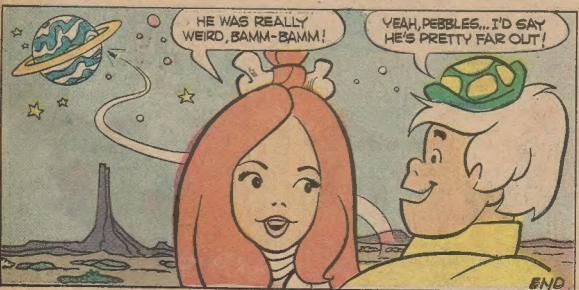
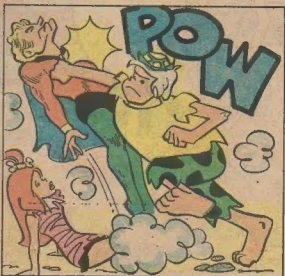
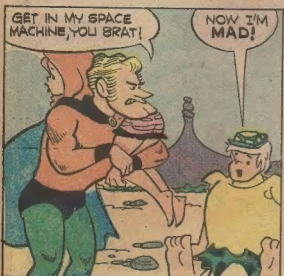
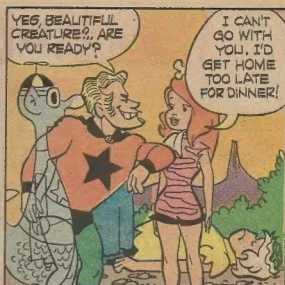












TEEN
AGE

PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN "LEAVIN"

HEY, SCHLEPROCK, WHAT'S
THAT YOU'RE DIGGING?

WHAT'S IT LOOK
LIKE? A HOLE!



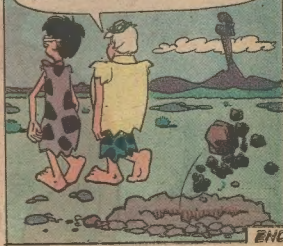
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GONNA BURY
SOMETHING?

NOPE, I'M
LEAVIN' TOWN!



WOW! DOES HE HAVE A
ROTTEN SENSE OF DIRECTION!



END